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# 95<sup>TH</sup> FITS HYMN BOOK



## SPECIAL EDITION



Key: Downing  
"Ramrod"

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95th

HYMN BOOK.....

First Edition-----September 1979  
Second Edition-----March 1980

Organizer-----Balt  
Typist-----Lei

ADC Lives!!!



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AIR FORCE SONG

HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM.....

THERE'S

Why was he born so beautiful?  
Why was he born at all?  
He's no fucking use to anyone,  
He's only got one ball.  
He ought to be publically chastized, (pissed on)  
He ought to be publically shot,  
And tied to a urI-I-I-Inal and left,  
there to fester and ROT!  
HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM.....



## AIR FORCE SONG

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder,  
Climbing high, into the sun,  
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,  
At 'em boys, give her the gun.  
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,  
Off with one hell of a roar,  
We live in fame, or go down in flame;

### CHORUS

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast  
the vastness of the sky,  
To a friend we send a message of  
His brother men who fly,  
We drink to those who gave their all of old,  
As down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.  
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast  
The U.S. Air Force;

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,  
Set it high into the blue;  
Hands of men blasted the world asunder;  
How they lived God only knew;  
(God only knew then;)  
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer  
Gave us wings, ever to soar  
With fighters before and bombers galore.  
Nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force.

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,  
Keep the wings level and true;  
If you'd live to be a grey-haired wonder  
Keep your nose out of the blue,  
(Out of the blue, boy)  
Flying men, guarding the nation's border,  
We'll be there, followed by more  
In echelon we carry on,  
Nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force.



### AIR FORCE SONG

Off we go, on a one-hour test hop,  
Over the land, not over the sea.  
And for this feat, we get a ten day furlough,  
A raise in pay, a DFC.  
We're heros all, if you can tell by the medals  
We get alot, and more as we go.  
We're out...to kill...ourselves...we will,  
For nothing can stop the U.S. Force!  
    (From getting a medal.)  
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force!  
    (Those raving assholes.)  
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force!

I don't want no pussy like that any.

I'd rather stay in England, in jolly, jolly England.

And fornicate my bloody life way.

Monday I touched her on the ankle.

Tuesday I touched her on the knee.

And wednesday after noon, I lifted up her dress.

Thursday I saw her 'you know what'.

Friday I put my hands upon it.

Saturday she gave me balls a twack-Twack! Twack!

And Sunday after supper, I rammed me fucker up her.

And now she wants it 7 days a week.

Repeat #1



#1. I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE AIR FORCE

I don't want to join the Air Force  
 I don't want to go to war.  
 I'd rather hang around Picadilly Underground  
 Living off the earnings of a high born lady.

I don't want <sup>(a bullet up)</sup> to blow it out me asshole  
 I don't want me buttocks shot away.  
 I'd rather stay in England, in jolly, jolly England  
 And fornicate my bloody life away.

Monday I touched her on the ankle,  
 Tuesday I touched her on the knee,  
 And Wednesday after mess, I lifted up her dress.  
 Thursday I saw her 'you know what',  
 Friday I put me hands upon it  
 Saturday she gave me balls a tweek-Tweek! Tweek!  
 And Sunday after supper, I rammed me fucker up her  
 And now she wants it 7 days a week.

Repeat #1



#2. AN ENGINEER'S SONG

1) An engineer told me before he died,  
 Chorus: A rump titty rump titty rump titty rump  
 An engineer told me before he died  
 And I have no reason to believe he lied  
 Chorus: A rump titty rump titty rump titty rump  
 A rump titty rump titty rump titty rump

Format for  
all verses.

2) He had a wife with a cunt so wide  
 that she could not be satisfied. (make hand gesture conveying  
 large cunt.)

Chorus.....

3) So he built a bloody great wheel  
 with two brass balls and a prick of steel.  
 (Two fists for balls and fist and forearm for prick.)

Chorus.....

4) The whole bloody thing was run by steam  
 the two brass balls he filled with cream.

Chorus.....

5) He laid his wife upon the bed  
 and tied her feet behind her head.  
 (Motion of foot behind of head.)

Chorus.....

6) He put the machine in the position to f \_ \_ \_  
 and wished his wife the best of luck.  
 (Salute when you say "luck.")

Chorus.....

7) Round and round with the bloody great wheel  
and in and out with the prick of steel.  
(Vigorous movement with fist and forearm.)  
Chorus.....

8) Up and up with the level of steam  
and down and down went the level of cream.  
Chorus.....

9) Until at last his wife she cried,  
"Enough, enough I'm satisfied!"  
(Sung in estacy.)  
Chorus.....

10) Now we come to the tragic bit  
there was no way of stopping it.  
(Sung in remorse.)  
Chorus.....

11) It split his wife from ass to tit,  
the whole, whole bloody place was covered with shit.  
Chorus.....

12) Now we come to the part that is grim,  
"It" jumped off her and on to him!  
Chorus.....

13) Nine months later a child was born  
with two brass balls and a big metal horn.  
Chorus.....



#3. BY THE LIGHT.....

By the light -- -- of the flickering match -- --  
 I saw her snatch -- -- in the watermelon patch, ooh-ooh.

By the light -- -- of the flickering match,  
 I saw her gleam, I heard her scream  
 You are burning my snatch -- -- with your goddamn match! -- --

(-- -- stands for choo-choo)

#4. YOU CAN TELL BY THE SMELL....

(Tune: CASSONS GO ROLLING ALONG)

You can tell by the smell  
 That she ain't feeling well  
 When the end of the month rolls around.  
 You'd better give up the rump  
 or it'll be a bloody stump  
 When the end of the month rolls around.

Chorus: For it's Hi, Hi Hee-in the Kotex industry.  
 Shout out your sizes loud and strong.  
 Small--Medium--Large, superduper, bale of hay, mattress,  
 For where ere you go, you will always know  
 When the end of the month rolls around.

#5. BALLS TO YOUR PARTNER

CHORUS: Balls to your partner, ass against the wall,  
If you've never been laid on a Saturday night,  
You've never been laid at all.

- 1) Up got an aged veteran who fought many wars,  
He jumped upon the table and cried aloud for whores.  
Chorus.....
- 2) There was fuckin' in the haystacks, there was fuckin'  
in the ricks,  
You couldn't hear the music for the swashing o'  
the pricks.  
Chorus.....
- 3) <sup>The district nurse,</sup>  
(Miss Murphy) she was there, she kept them all in fits.  
By jumping off the mantelpiece and landing on her tits.  
Chorus.....
- 4) The village Bobby he was there, he'd on his fancy socks,  
He fucked a lassie forty times then found she had the pox.  
Chorus.....
- 5) The minister's wife, oh she was there, she was the best of all,  
She stuck her ass against the door and said come one, come all.  
Chorus.....
- 6) The Prostie's daughter she was there, all draped up in the front,  
With poison ivy up her ass and a thistle up her cunt.  
Chorus.....



- 7) The butcher's wife, oh she was there, she wasna' weel,  
For she had to go and piddle after every little feel.  
Chorus.....
- 8) The village parson, he was there among the virgin women,  
He took pure Nellie on his knee and filled her full of semen.  
Chorus.....
- 9) The village looney, he was there, he was an awful ass,  
He went into the granary, and stuffed his ass with grass.  
Chorus.....
- 10) The village idiot he was there a-makin' like a fool,  
By pulling his foreskin over his head and whistlin' through his tool.  
Chorus.....
- 11) The plumber and his mate were there, they had it in their rules,  
When comin' to attend the bar not to forget their tools.  
Chorus.....
- 12) Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness,  
And when the ball was over, there were four and twenty less.  
Chorus.....
- 13) First lady forward, second lady back,  
First lady's finger up the second lady's crack.  
Chorus.....
- 14) Little Willie, he was there, he was only eight,  
He could not fuck the women, so he had to masturbate.  
Chorus.....

## continue #5. Balls to Your Partner

- 15) The teacher from the school was there, she didn't bring her stick,  
She wasn't much to look at, but she could surely take a prick.  
Chorus.....
- 16) The village blacksmith he was there, he was a mighty man,  
He had two balls between his legs that rattled as he ran.  
Chorus.....
- 17) The village postman, he was there-he had a dose of pox,  
He couldn't get a woman so he fucked the letter box.  
Chorus.....
- 18) The village cripple, he was there; he wasn't up too much,  
He stood the girls against the door and fucked 'em with his crutch.  
Chorus.....
- 19) Round about the washing house and in among the sticks,  
You couldn't see a blade of grass for balls and standing pricks.  
Chorus.....
- 20) Oh the village butcher he was there, cleaver in his hand,  
And everytime he turned around, he circumsized the band.  
Chorus.....
- 21) Oh the village harlot she was there, lying on the floor,  
And everytime she'd spread her legs, the suction closed the door.  
Chorus.....
- 22) Oh the rugger he was there, he thought himself a stud,  
They found him in the barnyard, a pulling on his pud.  
Chorus.....



## continue #5. Balls to Your Partner

- 23) Oh the village giant he was there, a mighty man was he,  
He lined the girls against the wall and fucked 'em 3 by 3.  
Chorus.....
- 24) Oh the village idiot, he was there, doing this and that,  
Amusing himself by abusing himself, and catching it in his hat.  
Chorus.....
- 25) Oh the village idiot he was there, up to his favorite tricks,  
Bouncing on his testicles, and whistling through his prick.  
Chorus.....
- 26) The bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom,  
The vagina, not the rectum, was the entrance to the womb.  
Chorus.....
- 27) The queen was in the parlor, eating bread and honey,  
The king was in the chambermaid and she was in the money.  
Chorus.....
- 28) There was buggery in the hallway, buggery on the stairs,  
You couldn't see the dance floor, for the mass of pubic hairs.  
Chorus.....
- 29) The village vicker was there, dressed up in his shroud,  
A swinging from the chandelier, and pisssing in the crowd.  
Chorus.....
- 30) And when the ball was over, the girls did all suggest,  
They sure enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best.  
Chorus.....

continue #5. Balls to Your Partner

- 31) The crafty burglar, he was there  
All dressed up in black,  
He'd sneak right up behind the girls  
And fuck 'em from the back.  
CHORUS...
- 32) The village baker, he was there  
Although he was a runt,  
He was too short to find a firl  
So he baked one with a cunt.  
CHORUS...
- 33) The village sherriff, he was there  
A totin' his big gun,  
He'd whip out his piece to show his niece,  
But it was all in fun!  
CHORUS...



#6. I KNOW A GIRL FROM ARKANSAS

Chorus: I know a girl from Arkansas, honey, honey.  
 I know a girl from Arkansas, babe, babe. Format for  
 I know a girl from Arkansas all  
 She can take you balls and all, honey, oh baby mine. verses.  
 Go to your left, your right, your left,  
 Go to your left, your right, your left.

- 1) I know a girl from old Kentuck,  
 She can't cook but she sure can fuck.
- 2) I know a girl all dressed in red,  
 She makes her living in a bed.
- 3) I know a girl all dressed in black,  
 She makes her living on her back.
- 4) If I die on the Russian front,  
 Bury me with a Russian cunt.
- 5) If I die on the Cuban rear,  
 Bury me with a Cuban queer.
- 6) I don't know but I've been told,  
 Eskimo pussy's mighty cold.
- 7) I got a girl from Niagra Falls,  
 She's got a mortgage on by balls.
- 8) I know a girl who lives on a hill,  
 She won't do it, but her sister will.

#7. CAROLINA, THE COWPUNCHER'S WHORE

- 1) Way down in Alabama, whre the bullshit lies thick,  
Where the girls are so pretty, their babies come quick.  
There lived Carolina, the queen of them all  
Carolina, Carolina, the cowpuncher's w bre.
- 2) She's handy, she's dandy, she shits in the street.  
Wherever you see her, she's always in heat.  
You have your fly open, she's after your meat;  
The smell of her cunt knocks you right off your feet.
- 3) One night I was riding way down by the falls,  
One hand on my pistol, the other on my balls.  
I saw Carolina a usin' a stick,  
Instead of the end of a cowpuncher's dick.
- 4) I caressed her, I undressed her, I laid her down there,  
And parted the tresses of her pubic hair,  
Inserted the thickness of my sturdy horse  
And then there began a strange intercourse.
- 5) Faster and faster went my trusty steed,  
Until Carolina rejoiced at the speed.  
When all of a sudden my horse did backfire,  
And shot Carolina right into the fire.
- 6) I found Carolina, all covered with muck,  
She said, "Oh my dear, what a glorious fuck!"  
Then her sexual organ, fell out on the floor,  
And that was the end of the cowpuncher's whore.



#8. THE RED RIVER VALLEY  
(To the tune of the song of the same name)

To the valley he said he was flying,  
And he never saw the medal the he earned,  
Many jocks have flown into the valley,  
And a number have never returned.

So I thought as he briefed on the mission,  
Tonight at the bar we will sing  
But we're goin' to the Red River Valley,  
And today I am flying his wing.

Oh the flak is so thick on the valley,  
That the MIGs and the missiles we don't need  
So fly high and down sun in the valley,  
And guard well the trail of TEAK Lead.

Now if things turn to trouble in the valley,  
And the briefing that I give you don't heed.  
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton,  
And it's fish heads and rice for TEAK Lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley,  
In the states it had always been fun,  
But with thunder and lightning all around us,  
'Twas the last A.A.R. for TEAK One.

When he came to a bridge in the valley,  
'Twas a target that he couldn't shun,  
And the first to roll in on the bomb run,  
Was my leader old TEAK Number One.

Oh, he flew through the flak toward the target,  
With his rockets and bombs drew a bead,  
But he never pulled out of his bomb run,  
'Twas fatal for another TEAK Lead.

So come sit be my side at the briefing,  
We will sit there and tickle the beads,  
For we're going to the Red River Valley,  
And my call sign today is TEAK Lead.

#9. BLESS 'EM ALL

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all  
The long and the short and the tall  
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet  
But I know a guy who is cursing him yet  
For he tried to go over the wall  
With his tiptanks, his tailpipes and all  
The needles did cross and the wings did come off  
Cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Well, bless 'em all, bless 'em all  
The needle, the airspeed and ball  
Bless all those instructors who taught me to fly  
Sent me to solo and left me to die  
If ever your blow jet should stall  
Well, you're due for one hell of a fall  
No lilies or violets for dead fighter pilots  
Cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all  
The long and the short and the tall  
Bless all the sergeants and their bloody sons  
Bless all the corporals, the fat-headed ones  
I'm saying goodbye to them all  
The long and the short and the tall  
Here's to you and lots others you can shove it up brothers  
I'm going back home in the fall.

Through the wall, through the wall,  
That bloody invisible wall,  
That transonic journey is nothing but rough  
As bad as the ride on the local base  
So I'm staying away from the wall  
Subsonic for me and that's all,  
If you're hot you might make it  
But you'll probably break it,  
Your butt or your neck---not the wall.



#10. LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go 'round  
 World go 'round, world go 'round  
 Parties make the world go 'round  
 Let's have a party!

## SOLO

Now, we're gonna tear down the bar in the officers' club  
 We're gonna build us a new bar!  
 It's only gonna be one foot wide  
 But it's gonna be a mile long!  
 There's gonna be no bartenders at our bar  
 There's only gonna be barmaids!  
 Our barmaids will wear long dresses  
 Made out of cellophane!  
 You can't take our barmaids to your bunks  
 They take you to their bunks!  
 You can't sleep with our barmaids  
 They don't let you sleep!  
 Soda's gonna be ten bucks a glass  
 Whiskey's free!  
 Only one to each pilot  
 Served in buckets!  
 We're gonna throw all the beer in the river  
 And then we'll all go swimming!  
 Now no girls are allowed in the USO hall  
 With their clothes on!  
 There'll be no lovin' on the dance floor  
 And no dancing on the lovin' floor!

## CHORUS

BOO!  
 RAY!  
 BOO!  
 RAY!  
 BOO!  
 RAY!  
 BOO!  
 RAY!  
 BOO!  
 RAY!  
 BOO!  
 RAY!  
 BOO!  
 RAY!  
 BOO!  
 RAY!  
 BOO!  
 RAY!  
 BOO!  
 RAY!

Parties make the world go 'round  
 World go 'round, world go 'round  
 Parties make the world go 'round  
 Let's have a party!

#11. I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings 'til I got the God damn things  
 Now I don't want them any more  
 They taught me how to fly, then they sent me here to die  
 I've got a belly full of war  
 You can save those Zeros for the other God damn heroes  
 For distinguished flying crosses do not compensate for losses.

CHORUS: I wanted wings 'til I got the God damn things  
 Now I don't want them any more.

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames  
 I've no desire to be burned  
 Air combat's no romance and it made me wet my pants  
 I'm not a fighter, I have learned  
 You can leave the Mitsubishes for the crazy sons-a-bitches  
 'Cause I'd rather lay a woman than be picked up by a Grumman.

I'm too young to die in a God damn PBV  
 That's for the eager, not for me.  
 I won't trust to luck to be picked up in a "Duck"  
 After I've crashed into the sea.  
 I would rather be a bellhop than a flier on a flattop  
 With my hand around a bottle not a God damn throttle.

I don't want to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr  
 Ack Ack always makes me lose my lunch  
 For me there's no Hey Hey when they holier "Bombs Away!"  
 I'd rather be at home with the bunch  
 For there's one thing you can't laugh off  
 And that's when they shoot your ass off  
 And I'd rather be home, Buster, with my ass than with a cluster.

They feed us lousy chow, but we stay alive somehow  
 On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew  
 The rumor has it next they'll be dehydrating sex  
 And that's the day I'll tell the coach I'm through  
 For I've managed all the dangers, the shooting back of strangers  
 But when I get home late I want my woman straight, Buster.

I don't want a tour in Korea that's for sure,  
 I've had a bellyful of war.  
 I don't want my fanny frozen  
 In that putrid land of chosen  
 Fighting Migs of Uncle Joe's  
 In atmosphere that's frigid frozen, Buster,



continue #11. I wanted wings.....

I don't want to die over Antung in the sky,  
Migs always make me barf my lunch.  
For me there's no Hey-Hey screaming, "Bogies that-a-way!"  
I'd rather be at home with the bunch.

(S.E.A. version)

I've been alive, twenty years, plus four or five,  
And I've tried many a pursuit. I went to pilot school,  
learned the ropes and learned the rules,  
and got my wings and my blue suit.

And then I went to get upgraded, and like a fool I made it.  
Then they made me number four, and then they sent me off  
to war, Buster.  
I wanted wings, 'till I got the goddam things!  
Now I don't want them anymore.

The Republic Thundershief is just 20 tons of grief.  
The dirty sons-of-bitches filled it with 300 switches.  
Buster. I wanted wings, 'till I got the goddamn things!  
Now I don't want them anymore.

To keep my body alive, they taught me to survive.  
At a place nestled in the hills. They fed me porcupine,  
And other goodies fine; Pemmican to cure all my ills.

And in three weeks I had made it. They said I'd graduated.  
Well, buddy, if that's livin', I think that I'll just give in.  
Buster, I wanted wings, 'till I got the goddamn things.  
Now I don't want them anymore.

You can have your he-man training, in the snow, and when  
it's raining.  
I'd rather be a weenie, with my tootie and martini,  
Buster. I wanted wings, 'till I got the goddamn things.  
Now I don't want them anymore.

#12. FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell,  
 Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell,  
 The place is full of queers,  
 Navigators, bombardiers,  
 Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell!

CHORUS: Singing glorious, victorious,  
 One keg of beer for the four of us,  
 Singing glory be to God,  
 That there are no more of us,  
 For one of us could drink it all alone,  
 Damn near, pass the beer to the rear of the squadron!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States,  
 Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States,  
 They are off to foreign shores,  
 Making mothers out of whores,  
 Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States!  
 CHORUS

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce,  
 Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce,  
 The automatic pilot's on,  
 He's reading in the john,  
 Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce!  
 CHORUS

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth (Wing),  
 Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth (Wing),  
 The place is full of brass,  
 Sitting 'round on their fat ass,  
 Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth!  
 CHORUS

You can tell a navigator by his ass,  
 You can tell a navigator by his ass,  
 It is 40 inches wide,  
 Getting wider by the ride,  
 You can tell a navigator by his ass!  
 CHORUS



continue #12. FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh there are no bomber pilots in the Fray,  
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the Fray,  
They're all at USO's,  
Wearing women's fancy clothes,  
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the Fray!  
CHORUS

Oh look at the 2nd FITS in the club,  
Oh look at the 2nd FITS in the club,  
They don't party, they won't sing,  
95th does everything,  
Oh look at the 2nd FITS in the club!  
CHORUS

Oh it's naughty, naughty, naughty but it's nice,  
If you ever do it once, you'll do it twice,  
It'll wreck your reputation,  
But increase the population,  
Oh it's naughty, naughty, naughty but it's nice!

#13. ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY

On top of old Smokey  
 All covered with snow  
 Lay a Red Beret pilot  
 And his wingman below. ✓

They took off in weather,  
 They took off at night.  
 They got a bum vector,  
 A disasterous flight.

Way down in St. Mildreds  
 Just rolling in dough, ✓  
 Played an '86 pilot  
 And a showgirl named Flo.

The moral of this story  
 Is easy to see:  
 Be an eighty-six pilot, ✓  
 I mean 86-D.

On top of old Smokey  
 All covered with snow.  
 I lost my jet pilot  
 For flying too low.

He put on an air show, ✓  
 He did it for me,  
 With 100% on-he clobbered a tree.

With throttle wide open,  
 He made his last pass.  
 At altitude zero,  
 He busted his ass.

## VIETNAM version-----

Flying over old Cam Ranh,  
 Enroute to the North,  
 My hands got so shakey  
 From the thoughts that came forth.

The sun was bright shining  
 The sky it was clear,  
 But my heart it did falter  
 I was frozen with fear.

continue #13. On Top of Old Smokey

As we crossed the border  
I thought I would die!  
But my fearless commander  
Oh how well he did fly.

With this inspiration,  
What more could I do?  
I screwed up mu courage  
And pressed on anew.

We started our bomb run  
The sights I did set.  
We rippled our bombs off,  
Then wiped off the sweat.

We turned toward the tonkin  
With a sigh of relief,  
We'd gotten the job done  
Just as it had been briefed.

This missions accomplished  
So important to me  
They're sure to award us :  
Our first DFC.

I'm an outstanding airman  
This story is true.  
For I'm a co-pilot,  
On a B-52!



#14. SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S LIFE

(Tune: Throw a Nickel on the Drum)

Oh, I lined up with the runway and headed for the ditch  
 I looked down at my prop, my God, it's in high pitch  
 I pulled back on the stick and rose into the air  
 Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, how did I get there?

CHORUS: Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah  
 Throw a nickel on the grass  
 Save a fighter pilot's ass  
 Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah  
 Throw a nickel on the grass  
 And you'll be saved!

I started in to buzz, I thought that I was clear  
 And when I clipped the flagpole, I knew the end was near  
 I met the flying board, and they gave me the works  
 Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, what a bunch of jerks!

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing touched the ground  
 Got a call from Mobile, "Pull up and go around!"  
 I racked that old T-bird in the air a dozen feet or more  
 The bastard snapped, I'm on my back, oh save me (name of Sq. CO)!

Oh, I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked alright  
 And when I made my final turn, my God, I racked it tight  
 The engine coughed and sputtered, the ship began to weave  
 Mayday, Mayday, Col. (Wing CO), Spin instructions please!

Strafin' on the panel, I made my pass too low  
 Came a call from tower, "One more and home you go!"  
 I pulled that T-bird om the blue, she hit a high-speed stall  
 Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall!

CRUISING OVER HANOI

We were cruising over Hanoi, doin' gour and fifty per-  
 When I called to my flight leader, "Oh won't you help me sir?  
 The "SAMS" are hot and heavy, the MIGS are on our ass,  
 Take us home flight leader, please don't make another pass!"

CHORUS: Hallelujia-hallelujia!  
 Throw a nickel in the grass  
 Save a fighter pilot's ass.  
 Hallelujia-hallelujia!  
 Throw a nickel on the grass,  
 and you'll be saved!

continue #14. Save a Fighter Pilot's Life

I rolled into my bomb run, trying to set the pipper right,  
When a "SAM" came off the alunch pad, and headed for our flight.  
Then number two informed me, "Hey four, you'd better break!"  
I racked that goddam plane so hard, it made the whole thing shake.

CHORUS

I started my recovery. It seemed things were all right,  
When I felt the damndest impact, saw a blinding flash of light.  
We held the stick with all our might, against the finding force.  
Then number two screamed out at us, "Hey four, you've had the course!"

CHORUS

I screamed at my back seater, "we'd better punch on out-  
Eject, eject, you stupid shit!" In panic I did shout.  
I didn't wait around to see, if Joe had got the word.  
I reached between my legs and pulled, and took off like a bird.

CHORUS

As I descended in my chute, my thoughts were rather grim.  
Rather than to be a prisoner, I'd fight them to the end.  
I hit the ground and staggered up, and looked around to see.  
And there in blazing neon, Hanoi Hilton welcomed me.

CHORUS

(Slowly-----)

The moral of this story is when you're in package six,  
You'd better goddam look around, or you'll be in my fix.  
I'm a guest at Hanoi Hilton, with luxury sublime.  
The only thing that's not so great, I'll be here a long-long-time.

#15. GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38 with props that counter-rotate  
They'll loop, roll and spin but they'll soon auger in  
Don't give me a P-38!

CHORUS: Just give me Operations  
Way out on some lonely atoll  
For I am too young to die  
I just want to go home.

Don't give me a P-39 with an engine that's mounted behind  
It will tumble and roll and dig a big hole  
Don't give me a P-39!

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave many pilots a jolt  
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug  
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt!

Don't give me a Peter Four OH, a hell of an airplane, I know  
A ground loopin' bastard, you're sure to get plastered  
Don't give me a Peter Four Oh!

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for fighting the hun  
But with coolant tank dry, you'll run out of sky  
Don't give me a P-51!

Don't give me a P-61, for night flying is no fun  
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark  
Don't give me a P-61!



#16. AIR FORCE 801

(Tune: Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the rumble, and hear old Merlin roar  
I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before  
Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream, and hear old Merlin  
moan  
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer and hope it gets me home.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop has overrun  
My coolant's overheated, the gauge says 1-2-1  
You'd better call the crash crew, and get them on the run.

Air Force 801, this is Itazuke tower  
I cannot call the crash crew, this is their coffee hour  
You're not cleared in the pattern, that is plain to see  
So take it on around again, we have some VIP.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see your biscuit gun  
My engine's runnin' ragged, and the coolant's gonna blow  
I'm gonna prang a Mustang, so look out down below.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on the final, and running on one lung  
I'm gonna land this Mustang, no matter what you say  
I've gotta get my charts fixed up before the Judgement Day.

Air Force 801, this is Judgement Day  
You're in Pilot's Heaven, and you are here to stay  
You just bought a Mustang, and you bought it well  
The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight down to Hell.

#61. REPUBLIC'S ULTRA HOG  
(Tune: Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the jingle the gruntin' and the wheeze,  
As she rolls along the runway by the BAC-9 and the trees.  
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as you leap off in the fog,  
You're flying through the jungle in Republic's Ultra-Hog.

We came up from old Korat one steamy summer day,  
As we pitched up on the target you could hear all the gunners say,  
"She's big and fat and ugly, she's really quite a dog,  
She's known around the country as Republic's Ultra-Hog."

Here's to MacNamara, his name will always smell,  
He'll always be remembered down in Fighter Pilots Hell,  
He frags all the targets and sends us out to die,  
He sends us into combat in Republic's 105.

Listen to the jingle the gruntin' and the wheeze,  
As she rolls along the runway by the BAC-9 and the trees,  
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as you leap off in the fog,  
You're flying through the jungle in Republic's Ultra-Hog!!!

#17. WHO OWNS THIS CLUB

We are the boys from \_\_\_\_\_  
You've heard so much about:  
Mothers keep their daughters in  
Whenever we go out  
We're always full of whiskey  
and we're always full of booze,  
We are the boys from \_\_\_\_\_  
Now who the Hell are yoozie?

As we go marching, and the band begins  
to P.L.A.Y.  
You can hear the people shouting,  
Raggedy razz, raggedy razz,  
\_\_\_\_\_ on parade.

Whowawa  
Who owns this club, whowawa  
Who owns this club, whowawa  
Who owns this club, whowawa  
Who owns this club the people cried.  
We own this club,  
We own this club,  
Ninety-fifth Fighter Squadron, we replied.

(Repeat from Whowawa)



#18. CLEAR THE PATTERN

(Tune: Wake the Town &amp; Tell the People)

Clear the pattern, call the crash crew,  
 \_\_\_\_\_ leads the group,  
 They were lost, fuel exhausted  
 They'll be landing from a loop,  
 Yes, he led us into weather,  
 Lightening flashes all around,  
 \_\_\_\_\_ says, "I'll sly the gauges."  
 But we came out upside down.

(Repeat the first four lines.)

#19. HERE'S TO--

Here's to \_\_\_\_\_, he's true blue,  
 He's a drunkard through and through.  
 He's a drunkard, so they say,  
 Oh he might go to heaven, but  
 He went the other way.  
 So drink chug-a-lug, shug-a-lug, chug-a-lug,  
 So drink shug-a-lug, shug-a-lug, shug-a-lug.

#20. A DOGGIE PILOT'S LAMENT

A rolling down the runway, with afterburner in,  
Looked at my aft fire warning light,  
As yellow as all sin,  
I yanked back on the throttle,  
My doggie lumbered on,  
I wished I'd gone DNIF,  
The runway's almost gone:

CHORUS:

Oh, Hallelujah, sing Hallelujah,  
Throw a sixpence on the grass,  
Save a doggie pilot's ass,  
Oh, Hallelujah, sing Hallelujah,  
Throw a sixpence on the grass and you'll be saved!

I shoved the Throttle forward,  
And pulled back on the stic,  
And staggered off into the air as if the dog was sick,  
The weather closed around me,  
No more was thanest seen,  
So there I sit, ten tons of Shit,  
And a five inch TV screen.

CHORUS:

I soon made angels forty,  
And leveled off all right  
I looked up all around me,  
Not a single thing in sight,  
Looked back down at the radar,  
And told my friends no luck,  
Said to myself, this is a Hell of a way to make a buck,

They gave me a new vector, one-twenty to the right,  
And when I rolled out level,  
That bogie was in sight,  
I squeezed the trigger then and there,  
And then I thought, you goon,  
You've gone and fired all twenty-four of rockets at the moon.

## continue #20. DOGGIE PILOT'S LAMENT

CHORUS:

I Turned back to the station  
 And began to let down,  
 They'd briefed, about one thousand you'd  
 Start to see the ground  
 My dog's now on the overran,  
 With gear up thru the wing,  
 'cuase all the way down GCA,  
 I never saw a thing.

CHORUS:

The moral to this story is very plain to see,  
 The best damn squadron on the base belongs to the 95th  
 The two FITS are hopeless,  
 They can't get in the air,  
 And all the rest have buggered off,  
 And scattered everywhere,

A TISKIT A TASKET

A riskit, a tasket, a single engined tasket,  
 They wrote a letter to my wife  
 And told her that I had crashed it,  
 I crashed it, I crashed it,  
 That single engined tasket,  
 I turned on finals, yanked the stick,  
 Son of a bitch, I snapped it,  
 I snapped it, I snapped it,  
 That single engined tasket,  
 A two-turn spin, I torque-walied it,  
 Oh Jesus, how I smashed it!



#21. ONE HAND ON THE THROTTLE

One hand on the throttle,  
One hand on the throttle,

One hand on the bottle,  
One hand on the bottle,

Both feet in my pockets,  
Both feet in my pockets,

Off we go into the wild blue yonder-----crash!

\_\_\_\_\_ Fighter Squadron!

#22. A TISKIT-A TASKET

A tiskit, a tasket, a single engined basket,  
They wrote a letter to my Mum  
And told her that I had crashed it;  
I crashed it, I crashed it,  
That single engined basket,  
I turned on finals, yanked the stick,  
Son of a bitch, I snapped it;  
I snapped it, I sanpped it,  
That single engined basket,  
A two-turn spin, I torque-stalled in,  
Oh Jesus, how I smashed it!

#23. OLD 95TH GANG

(Sung to the tune of: Ghost Riders)

Old 95th gang went out to fly  
One dark and stormy day,  
And as they taxied past I heard  
Ole Colonel Roehm did say,  
"95th is gonna fly,  
It makes me mighty proud,  
To know I have one squadron that  
Can penetrate a cloud."

CHORUS: Yippee-yi-aye, yippee-yi-oh-h-h-h-h,  
Boneheads in the sky.

Old 95th gang went out to fly  
One bright and sunny day.  
And as a 4-ship joined  
Ole Colonel Roehm did say,  
"Go diamond, then go arrowhead,  
Cause I'm proud to see,  
No one can make a join-up look  
Nearly as good as we."

Old 95th gang went out to fly  
One cloudy, foggy day  
And as he stepped out of the door  
Ole Colonel Roehm did say  
"To hell with o'dark thirty briefs  
I'm tired of this ol' grind,  
Maybe I'll go to Stan Eval  
And fly at only nine."

Old 95th gang went out to fly  
One clear and sunny day,  
And met a new commander,  
Colonel Wyman did say.  
"95th is gonna gly  
And not just as they please."  
And he took up a formation, then  
Debriefed them to their knees.

Continue #23. OLD 95TH GANG

LAST VERSE

Old 95th gang went out to fly  
That very same day,  
And as they walked out to their planes,  
Jim Wyman did say,  
"95th is gonna fly,  
And standards won't be less,  
Anytime the boneheads fly,  
Will always be the BEST!"

#24. THE DONKEY

Halelulla, see the donkey  
Halelulla, stroke his hair  
Halellula, lift his tail up  
And see whi is there\_\_\_\_\_.



## #25. HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

In peace time the regulars are happy  
 In peace time they're happy to serve  
 But let them get into a fracas  
 And they'll call out the God damn reserves!

CHORUS: Call out, call out (or "Fight on")  
 Call out the God damn reserves, reserves!  
 Call out, call out  
 Oh, call out the God damn reserves.

Now here's to the Regular Air Force  
 They have such a wonderful plan  
 They call up the God damn reservist  
 Whenever the shit hits the fan!

They call up every old pilot  
 They call up every young man  
 The reservists they go to Korea  
 The regulars stay in Japan!

Here's to the Regular Air Force  
 With medals and badges galore  
 If it weren't for the God damn reservists  
 Their ass would be draggin' the floor!

## #26. YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

By the ring around his eyeball  
 You can tell a bombardier  
 You can tell a bomber pilot  
 By the spread around his rear  
 You can tell a navigator  
 By his sextants, maps and such  
 You can tell a fighter jockey  
 BUT YOU CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH!

## #27. "G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES

(Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers)

Once there was a barmaid down in Brewery Lane  
 Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same  
 Along came a pilot, handsome as he could be  
 He was the cause of all her misery!

CHORUS: Singing "G" Suits and parachutes  
 And uniforms of blue  
 He'll fly a fighter  
 Like his daddy used to do!

Now in the morning before the break of day  
 A five-pound note he handed her, and this to her did say:  
 "Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done  
 For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son  
 If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair  
 And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air!"

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see  
 Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee  
 The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly  
 Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by!

FINAL CHORUS: Singing "G" suits and parachutes  
 And uniforms of blue  
 She'll never fly a fighter  
 Like her daddy used to do!

#28. OH, RUBY

(Tune: Same as the song)

Oh. Ruby I see you've rolled and curled your pubic hair.

Ruby, are you contemplating, coming out somewhere?

The shadow on the wall tells me your pants are coming down.

Oh, Ruuu-bby-- don't take your Twat to town.

CHORUS:

I know it's hard, to love a man

Whose cock is red and raw-

Oh, Ruuu-bby- you dirty fucking whore.

#29. SALLY OF THE ALLEY

Sally of the Alley was shiftin' cinders,

Lifted up her leg and cut a fart,

Force of the gasses, split her bloomers,

Cheeks of her ass went WHAM, WHAM, WHAM!

## #30. HERE'S TO BROTHER \_\_\_\_\_

Here's to Brother \_\_\_\_\_, Brother \_\_\_\_\_, Brother \_\_\_\_\_,

Here's to Brother \_\_\_\_\_, who's with us tonite.

He eats it, he beats it,

He often mistreats it,

So here's to brother \_\_\_\_\_, who's with us tonight...

Drink Mother-Fucker, Drink Mother Fucker etc.

Here's to Brother \_\_\_\_\_, who's with us tonight!

No tune:

He ought to be publicly chastised

He ought to be publicly shot,

And tied to a public urinal,

And left there to fester and rot...

HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM!



#31. THE MAILMAN SONG (Tune: Bye Bye Black Bird) (31)

I'm so happy, I'm so gay,  
Cause I come twice a day,  
I'm your mailman.

Lift your knockers, ring your bell,  
Makes you think I am swell.  
I'm your mailman.

CHORUS: I can come in any kind of weather,  
That's because my bag is made os leather  
I don't mess with keys or locks  
I just slip it in your box  
I'm your Mailman--

#32. BYE BYE CHERRIES (Tune: Same as above)

Backed her up against the wall,  
Here I come balls an all,  
Bye bye cherries.  
I know I ain't got a lot,  
But what I got will fill your twat,  
Bye bye cherries.

CHORUS: I took her to my cottage in the wild woods,  
And there I took advantage of her childhood.  
I came once. She came twice,  
Oh my God, it was nice.  
Cherrrrr-ieeees, Bye Bye.

#33. BARNACLE BILL THE PILOT - L

(Tune: Barnacle Bill the Sailor)

The Air Corps is the life for me, said Barnacle Bill  
 the Sailor  
 I'll jump my ship and leave the sea and be an aviator  
 I'll fly so high I'll reach the sky, gravitation I'll defy  
 I'll make the people moan and cry, said Barnacle Bill  
 the Sailor.

Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden  
 Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden.

I'm rough and tough, I know my stuff, said Bill the aviator  
 I'll fly this ship till I've had enough, said Bill the aviator  
 I know a strut, I know a fin, I know a barrel-roll and a spin  
 I know a prop, I know a stick, and I know an elevator.

You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young  
 maiden  
 You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young  
 maiden.

I'm a cockeyed Finn if I'll give in, roared Bill the aviator  
 I'll fight this ship with a flyer's grin, roared Bill the aviator  
 He kicked the bar and pulled the stick, which didn't seem  
 to do the trick  
 And he hit the ground like a ton of brick, poor Barnacle Bill  
 the Sailor.

Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden  
 Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden.

#33. BARNACLE BILL THE PILOT - II

Who's that knocking at my door?  
Who's that knocking at my door?  
Who's that knocking at my door?, asked the beautiful maiden.

Open the door you beautiful whore, said Barnacle Bill  
the Pilot.

Open the door you beautiful whore, said Barnacle Bill  
the Pilot.

Who's that standing in my door?  
Who's that standing in my door?  
Who's that standing in my door?, asked the beautiful maiden.

Close the door and lie on the floor, said Barnacle Bill  
the Pilot.

Close the door and lie on the floor, said Barnacle Bill  
the Pilot.

What's that grass around your pole?  
What's that grass around your pole?  
What's that grass around your pole?, asked the beautiful maiden.

That's the grass to tickle your ass, said Barnacle Bill  
the Pilot.

That's the grass to tickle your ass, said Barnacle Bill  
the Pilot.

What if we should have a child?  
What if we should have a child?  
What if we should have a child?, asked the beautiful maiden.

We'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch, said Barnacle Bill  
the Pilot.

We'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch, said Barnacle Bill  
the Pilot.

What if maw and paw should know?  
What if maw and paw should know?  
What if maw and paw should know?, asked the beautiful maiden.

I'll rape your maw and rack your paw, said Barnacle Bill  
the Pilot.

I'll rape your maw and rack your paw, said Barnacle Bill  
the Pilot.



continue#33. Barnacle Bill the Pilot

What if we should go to jail?  
What if we should go to jail?  
What if we should go to jail?, asked the beautiful maiden.

We'll rack their balls and tear down the walls, said  
Barnacle Bill the Pilot.  
We'll rack their balls and tear down the walls, said  
Barnacle Bill the Pilot.

What if we should get the chair?  
What if we should get the chair?  
What if we should get the chair?, asked the beautiful maiden.

We'll cut a fart and blow it apart, said Barnacle Bill  
the Pilot.  
We'll cut a fart and blow it apart, said Barnacle Bill  
the Pilot.

FINAL  
CHORUS

Give us more regulation  
Fly down at every station  
Bring the guy that tries to talk one!  
AND LET US FLY LIKE HELL!

#34. AIR CORPS LAMENT(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky  
 With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly  
 But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by  
 The force is shot to HELL!

CHORUS: Glory.....flying regulations  
 Have them read at every station  
 Burn the asses that would break them,  
 The force is shot to Hell!

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong  
 A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong  
 But now it's only memory, it only lives in song  
 The force is shot to Hell!

I have seen them in their T-bolts when their eyes were dancing flame  
 I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name  
 But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame  
 Their spirit's shot to Hell!

They flew B-26's through a living hell of flak  
 And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back  
 But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack  
 Their technique's gone to Hell!

Yes, the lordly Flying Fortress and the Liberator too  
 Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue  
 But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew  
 And we can't fly for Hell!

One day I buzzed an airfield with another happy chap  
 We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap  
 But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of THAT!  
 Or you both with burn in Hell!

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song  
 About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong  
 But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong  
 The force is shot to Hell!

FINAL  
 CHORUS:

Glory! No more regulations!  
 Rip them down at every station!  
 Ground the guy that tries to make one!  
 AND LET US FLY LIKE HELL!

#35. DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW?

(Tune: Sailor's Hornpipe)

Tiddly winks young man, get a woman if you can,  
 If you can't get a woman get a clean old man.  
 From the lofty heights of Malta to the shores of old Gibraltar  
 Can you do the double shuffle with your balls in a can?

Do your balls hang low, can you swing 'em to and fro?  
 Can you tie 'em in a knot, can you tie 'em in a bow?  
 Can you swing 'em o'er your shoulder like a European soldier?  
 Can you do a double shuffle, do your balls hang low?

Do your balls hang tight, can you hide 'em in a fight?  
 Can you tuck 'em 'neath your arm, can you keep 'em out of sight?  
 Are they tough enough to buckle up another man's hard knuckles?  
 Can you do a double shuffle, do your balls hang tight?

Do your balls hang loose, as loose as a goose?  
 Can you slide 'em down the hall, can you bounce 'em off the wall?  
 Does it really make you stammer when you hit 'em with a hammer?  
 Can you do a double shuffle, do your balls hang loose?

Do your balls hang down, way down to the ground?  
 Can you slide 'em on the ice, can you crack 'em in a vice?  
 Does it make your breath come quick when you stick 'em with  
     a pick?  
 Can you do a double shuffle when your balls hang down?



#36. THOSE FOOLISH THINGS

A book of sex with fifty well thumbed pages  
An old French letter, that has been used for ages  
Abortions quite a few  
These Foolish Things, remind me of you.

Remember Dear, that we talked of marriage  
That was the night you had your first miscarriage  
Abortions quite a few  
These Foolish Things, remind me of you.

I came, you came, all ove me  
And in our ecstasy we simply knew that it had to be.

The newsboys calling out "late night final"  
The faint aroma of a gents urinal  
Oh how the memory clings  
These Foolish Things, remind me of you.

The limp inertness of a used French Letter  
That I discarded when I knew you better  
A bed of creaking springs  
These Foolish Things, remind me of you.

I came, you came, all over me  
And in our ecstasy we simply knew that it had to be.

The lumpy sofa that we had our shags on  
The smell that told me that you had your rags on  
Oh how the memory clings  
These Foolish Things, remind me of you.

#37. A PROHIBITION SONG (for Capt. Dick)

Ohhh, We don't eat fruit cake because it has rum...  
 And one little bite turns a man to a bum/  
 Cannnnnn you imagine the utter disgrace...  
 Of a bum in the gutter with crumbs on his face.

CHORUS:

Away, away with rum by gum  
 With rum by golly with rum by gum  
 Away, away with rum by gum  
 Say we of the temperance Union.

Ohhh, We don't eat bread, because it has yeast...  
 And one little bite turns a man to a beast.  
 Cannnnn you imagine the total disgrace...  
 Of a bum in the gutter with crumbs on his face.

CHORUS:

## WILD WEST SHOW

Chorus Ohhhhh, were off to see the Wild West Show  
The elephants and the kangaroos  
No matter what the weather  
As long we're together  
We're off to see the Wild West Show

Ladies and gentlemen in this corner we have \_\_\_\_\_

?! Fantastic, Incredible, No Shit?!  
Tell us about it Mother Fucker.

The Mathematical Wonder is a very strange girl indeed.  
She is a girl who was 8 before she was 7..

Chorus

The Wherethefuckarewe Tribe is a very strange tribe indeed.  
They are a group of natives who are 3 feet tall,  
Walking around in 6 foot jungle grass saying  
where the fuck are we tribe? Where the fuck are we tribe?

Chorus

The Oh No Bird is a very strange bird indeed.  
The Oh No Bird makes his home in a corrugated roof.  
And the Oh No Bird has a 2 foot scrotum and 1 foot legs.  
And every time he comes in for a sanding he says Ohhhhh-no!

Chorus

Lulu The Tatooed Lady is a very strange woman indeed.  
Lulu the tatooed Lady has tatooed on one cheek the letter M  
And on the other cheek she has tatooed the letter M  
And when she bends over she says MOM and when she stands  
on her head she says WOW.  
And when she does cartwheels she says WOW MOM WOW!

Chorus

Lulu The Tatooed Lady's Sister is a very strange woman  
indeed.  
Lulu The Tatooed Lady's Sister has tatooed on one thigh  
Merry Xmas and on the other thigh she has tatooed Happy  
New Year.  
And she tells all her friends to come up and see her  
between the holidays.



#39. TIDDLY

Tiddly had a chicken,  
 Tiddly had a duck,  
 She put them on the table,  
 To see if they could.....

## CHORUS:

Bang, bang Tiddly,  
 Tiddly bang, bang,  
 Who's going to bang Tiddly,  
 When Johnny goes away.

Tiddly had a boyfriend,  
 His name was Diamond Dick  
 She never got the diamonds,  
 She always got the.....

## CHORUS

Tiddly had a baby,  
 His name was Tiny Tim,  
 She put him in the river,  
 To see if he could swim.

Timmy burped and gargled,  
 and headed for the falls,  
 Tiddly reached and grabbed him,  
 She grabbed him by his.....

## CHORUS

Rich women use kotex,  
 Poor women use rags,  
 Tiddly's crack is so damn big,  
 She uses burlap bags.

## CHORUS

She couldn't call it a name,  
 'Cause the bastard was so damn  
 Tiddly had a baby  
 She named it Bang  
 She threw it in the river  
 To teach it how to swim  
 Last time I saw her  
 I haven't seen her since,  
 She was suckin' off a tiger  
 Through a barbed wire fence.

Continue #39. TIDDLY

Rich girls wear rings of gold,  
 Poor girls wear rings of brass,  
 The only ring that Tiddly has,  
 is the one around her.....

CHORUS

Rich girls drive a porsche  
 Poor girls drive a truck,  
 The only time Tiddly rides  
 is when she wants to.....

CHORUS

BANG IT INTO LULU

Some girls work in factories  
 Some girls work in stores  
 My girls work in a knockin' shop  
 With forty other whores.

CHORUS

Bang it into Lulu  
 Bang it good and strong,  
 What'll we do for banging  
 When Lulu's dead and gone.

Wish I was a Pisspot  
 Under Lulu's bed  
 Every time she stooped to pee  
 I'd see her maidenhead.

CHORUS

Wish I was a finger  
 On Lulu's little hand  
 Every time she wiped her ass  
 I'd see the promised land.

CHORUS

Lulu had a baby,  
 She had it on a rock  
 She couldn't call it Lulu  
 'Cause the bastard had a cock.

CHORUS

Lulu had a baby  
 She named it Sonny Jim,  
 She threw it in the pisspot  
 To teach it how to swim.

CHORUS

Last time I saw Lulu  
 I haven't seen her since,  
 She was suckin' off a tiger  
 Through a barbed wire fence.

CHORUS

continue #39. Tiddly or Lulu

Lulu had a turtle,  
Lulu had a duck,  
She put 'em in the toilet  
To see if they would.....

CHORUS

Lulu had two boyfriends,  
One was very rich,  
One was the son of a banker,  
The other a son of a .....

CHORUS

Lulu had a boyfriend,  
The boyfriend had a truck,  
They climbed into the pickup bed,  
To see if she would.....

CHORUS

I'd make like a shark,  
with a waterproof tool.  
CHORUS

If all the young maidens  
were bats in a steeple,  
and I were a KB bat,  
there'd be more bats than you could  
CHORUS

If all the young maidens  
were blades of grass,  
I'd make like a scythe,  
and cut me some grass.  
CHORUS

If all the young maidens  
were statues of Venice,  
I'd make like a god,  
with a petrified penis.  
CHORUS



#40. IF ALL THE YOUNG MAIDENS

If all the young maidens,  
were trees in a forest,  
I'd make like an ax  
and chop their clitoris.

CHORUS: Oh, roll your leg over, roll your leg over,  
roll your leg over, it's better that way.  
But dee dum da dum dum.....

If all the young maidens,  
were bricks in a pile,  
I'd make like a mason,  
and lay them in style.  
CHORUS

If all the young maidens,  
were fish in a pool,  
I'd make like a shark,  
with a waterproof tool.  
CHORUS

If all the young maidens,  
were bats in a steeple,  
and I were a HE bat,  
there'd be more bats than people.  
CHORUS

If all the young maidens,  
were blades of grass,  
I'd make like a mower,  
and cut me some ass.  
CHORUS

If all the young maidens,  
were statues of Venus,  
I'd make like a god,  
with a petrified penis.  
CHORUS

Continue #40. IF ALL THE YOUNG MAIDENS

If all the young maidens  
were stars in the sky,  
I'd make like a comet,  
and shoot through their thighs.

CHORUS

If all the young maidens,  
were B-29s,  
I'd make like a fighter  
And buzz their behinds.

CHORUS

If all the young maidens,  
were pies on the shelf,  
And I were a baker,  
I'd eat 'em all myself.

CHORUS

If all little girls were  
little white flowers,  
And I were a bee,  
I'd buzz them for hours.

CHORUS

If all little girls were  
like nurses who would,  
And I were a doctor,  
I would if I could.

CHORUS

If all little girls were  
like bells in a tower  
And I were a clapper,  
I'd bang 'em for hours.

CHORUS

#41. MARIANNE BURNS

(Tune: The Old Gray Mare)

Marianne Burns is the queen of all the acrobats,  
 She can do the kind of things that'll make you want to shit.

She can shoot green peas,  
 from her fundamental organ,  
 Do a double back flip,  
 and catch them between her tits.  
 She's a great big son-of-a-bitch,  
 twice as big as me,  
 got hair on her ass,  
 like a branches on a tree.  
 She can shoot, fly. fart, fuck-  
 she can even drive a truck.  
 Marianne Burns is the girl for me!



#42. YUKON PETE

Here's a story of a little town  
called Northern Will,

About a mean old whore named  
Big Ass Lil.

Now Lil wasn't just another whore,

She fucked everybody, and  
fucked somemore.

Word got around that little town.

That nobody could put Big Lil's ass down.

But a-way up north,  
where the twinpines meet.

Lives a bald headed halfbreed  
named Yukon Pete.

Pete wasn't just another stud,

His pride and joy was his 20 inch pud.

Pete rolled into that little town,

With his 18 pounds a hangin' down.

The scene was set, and the night was still,

At an old shit house owned by Lil.

Well, they fucked, and they fucked,  
and they fucked for hours.

Tearin' up the ground, trees,  
and flowers.

Lil came down with a whore house squeeze,

That brought that halfbreed to his knees.

Pete came back with a bar room grunt.

That spread her legs, and split her cunt.

Lil rolled over on her bloody thighs,

Cut two farts, and then she died.

continue #42. YUKON PETE

What were the last words spoken by Pete?

I'm a goin' back to the Yukon,  
to beat my meat.

YUKON PETE----Beetle version (NACHO flt)

Up in the Yukon, where the twin rivers meet;  
There's a one-balled half-breed, named Yukon Pete.  
Now Pete dug a trench, around the town;  
Where his pecker, drug the ground.  
Well big ass Lil, the Village Queen;  
The screwingest whroe, you've ever seen.  
She made a vow, around the town;  
That nobody, could put her down.  
Then over the hill, came Yukon Pete;  
With his 18 feet, of swinging meat.  
They set the sight, for the bout,  
On the side of the hill, by the old out house.  
They screwed and screwed, for hours and hours;  
They tore up trees, shrubs and flowers.  
Then Lil let out, with a whore house squeeze;  
That sent poor Pete, down to his knees.  
She tried the "bunt", and the double "bunt";  
And things unknown, to the common cunt.  
Then Pete came back, with a barroom grunt;  
That ripped her ass, and tore her cunt.  
Lil rolled over, on a bloody thigh;  
She cut two farts, and then she died.  
And that's the story of Yukon Pete;  
With his 18 feet of swinging meat.

#43. THE WHORE HOUSE QUARTET

Well...., she burped, and she farted,  
 and she shit on the floor.  
 And the gas from her ass blew the knob  
 off the door,  
 And the moon shined bright on the nipple  
 of her tit,  
 As she carved her initials in a bucket of shit. (bag)

CHORUS: Sung by a whore house quartet,  
 Do you have a hard-on, not yet.  
 Are you going to get one. you bet!  
 You. fucker, you!

Well...., she looked so fair,  
 in the midnight air,  
 as the wind blew up her nighty.  
 Her tits hung loose like the balls  
 on a goose.  
 And I yelled Jesus Christ Almighty!  
 She jumped in bed,  
 and covered up her head,  
 and swore I couldn't find her.  
 I knew damn well she was lying like  
 hell, so I jumped right in behind her.  
 She flipped and we flooped and I landed on her top,  
 and started my organ grinder.  
 She wouldn't turn loose so I turned on the juice.  
 and now I got a baby ten pounder.

CHORUS



#44. THREE OLD WHORES

First old whore up and said.  
'Mine's as big as the sea,  
Ships sail in, ships sail out  
And never bother me."  
Ohhhhhh.....

CHORUS: Roly-poly, tickly my wholey,  
Up my Slimey, sloop-poop-poop-poop,  
Drag your nuts across my guts,  
And join my whorey group.

Second old whore up and said.  
'Mine's as big as a well.  
A farm boy slipped on the edge one day  
and never knew he fell."  
Ohhhhhh.....

CHORUS

Third old whore up and said.  
'Mine's as big as the air,  
Planes flyin, planes fly out,  
never touch a hair."  
Ohhhhhh.....

CHORUS

#45. SCROTUM

Scrotum, scrotum---S-C-R-O-T-U-M  
Mangey, grangey covered with hair.  
What would you do if it wasn't there?  
Your scrotum. scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M!

Hangs a little low and a little behind,  
comes in a bag with a fancy design.  
Your scrotum, scrotum. S-C-R-O-T-U-M!

Fun to play with every night  
Better watch out if you get in a fight.  
Your scrotum, scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M!

Fits just right in the plam of your hand,  
Only thing that proves that you're really a man.  
Your scrotum. scrotum. S-C-R-O-T-U-M!

It holds your balls in, S-C-R-O-T-U-M!  
It's fun to play with, S-C-R-O-T-U-M!

#46. I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife,  
 Yes I do, yes I do,  
 I love her truly....  
 I love the hole  
 that she pisses through,  
 I love her ruby-red lips,  
 and her lily-white tits,  
 and the hair around her asshole.  
 I eat her shit.....  
 Gobble, gobble, chomp, chomp  
 With a wooden spoon,  
 With a wooden spoon.

On the third night of my life,  
 my true love gave to me  
 three French-ticklers, two brass balls,  
 and a hand job in a fur tree.

On the fifth night of my life,  
 my true love gave to me  
 five public hairs, four fucking whores,  
 three French-ticklers, two brass balls,  
 and a hand job in a fur tree.

On the sixth night of my life,  
 my true love gave to me  
 six slimy sluts, five public hairs,  
 four fucking whores, three French-ticklers,  
 two brass balls, and a hand job in a fur tree.

On the seventh night of my life,  
 my true love gave to me  
 seven soggy scrotums, six slimy sluts,  
 five public hairs, four fucking whores,  
 three French-ticklers, two brass balls,  
 and a hand job in a fur tree.

On the eighth night of my life,  
 my true love gave to me  
 eight assholes whoring, seven soggy scrotums,  
 six slimy sluts, five public hairs,  
 four fucking whores, three French-ticklers,  
 two brass balls, and a hand job in a fur tree.



#47. TWELVE NIGHTS OF BONEHEAD

(Tune: TWELVE NIGHTS OF CHRISTMAS)

On the first night of BONEHEAD,  
my true love gave to me,  
a hand job in a fur tree.

On the second night of BONEHEAD,  
my true love gave to me,  
two brass balls, and a hand job in a fur tree.

On the third night of BONEHEAD,  
my true love gave to me,  
three French-ticklers, two brass balls,  
and a hand job in a fur tree.

On the fourth night of BONEHEAD,  
my true love gave to me,  
four fucking whores, three French-ticklers,  
two brass balls, and a hand job in a fur tree.

On the fifth night of BONEHEAD,  
my true love gave to me,  
five pubic hairs, four fucking whores,  
three French-ticklers, two brass balls,  
and a hand job in a fur tree.

On the sixth night of BONEHEAD,  
my true love gave to me,  
six slimey sluts, five pubic hairs,  
four fucking whores, three French-ticklers,  
two brass balls, and a hand job in a fur tree.

On the seventh night of BONEHEAD,  
my true love gave to me,  
seven soggy scrotums, six slimey sluts,  
five pubic hairs, four fucking whores,  
three French-ticklers, two brass balls,  
and a hand job in a fur tree.

On the eighth night of BONEHEAD,  
my true love gave to me,  
eight assholes aching, seven soggy scrotums,  
six slimey sluts, five pubic hairs,  
four fucking whores, three French-ticklers,  
two brass balls, and a hand job in a fur tree.

continue: TWELVE NIGHTS OF BONEHEAD

On the ninth night of BONEHEAD,  
my true love gave to me,  
nine nipples nibbling, eight assholes aching,  
seven soggy scrotums, six slimey sluts,  
five pubic hairs, four fucking whores,  
three French-ticklers, two brass balls,  
and a hand job in a fur tree.

On the tenth night of BONEHEAD,  
my true love gave to me,  
ten titties tingling, nine nipples nibbling,  
eight assholes aching, seven soggy scrotums,  
six slimey sluts, five pubic hairs, four  
four fucking whores, three French-ticklers,  
two brass balls, and a hand job in a fur tree.

On the eleventh night of BONEHEAD,  
my true love gave to me,  
eleven lesbians licking, ten titties tingling,  
nine nipples nibbling, eight assholes aching,  
seven soggy scrotums, six slimey sluts,  
five pubic hairs, four fucking whores,  
three French-ticklers, two brass balls,  
and a hand job in a fur tree.

On the twelfth night of BONEHEAD,  
my true love gave to me,  
twelve twats-a-twitchin', eleven lesbians licking,  
ten titties tingling, nine nipples nibbling,  
eight assholes aching, seven soggy scrotums,  
six slimey sluts, five pubic hairs,  
four fucking whores, three French-ticklers,  
two brass balls, and a hand job in a fur tree.

TWELVE DAYS OF TET

(Tune: Twelve Days of Christmas)

On the first day of "TET",  
My D.O. gave to me,  
A gun on a Phantom F-4C

Second- 2 CBUs  
Third- 3 Rocket launchers  
Fourth- 4 High Drags  
Fifth- 5 Hand Grenades  
Sixth- 6 Side Winders  
Seventh- 7 750s  
Eighth- 8 Charging sparrows  
Ninth- 9 Nasty Napes  
Tenth- 10 Tons of bombs  
Eleventh- 11 Lady Fingers  
Twelvth- 12 Firecrackers

Watch the orphans gather  
Arm your 20 millimeter  
Now those little bastards

Put some fumiss in the air  
Put some napalm on the ground  
If you pick up any survivors  
Don't forget the golden rule

Spray the crops and kill the people  
Spray them with your 500 lb bombs  
Watch them throwing up their hands  
As you make your way to the beach

Call the fence and tell the wife  
Another mission accomplished  
Out of gas and ammo  
Isn't killing people



#48. STRAFE THE TOWN AND KILL THE PEOPLE  
 (Tune: WAKE THE TOWN AND TELL THE PEOPLE)

Strafe the town and kill the people;  
 Drop your high-drags in the square.  
 Roll in early Sunday morning--  
 Try to catch them all at prayer.

Spread your CBU down mainstreet,  
 See the arms and legs and hair;  
 Watch them crawling for the clinics,  
 Put a pod of rockets there.

See the fat old pregnant woman  
 Running 'cross the field in fear,  
 Run your 20 mike mike through her,  
 Hope the film comes out real clear.

Sprinkle candy in the courtyard,  
 Watch the orphans gather 'round.  
 Arm your 20 millimeter,  
 Mow those little bastards down.

Put some funnies in the village,  
 Put some napalm on the school;  
 If you pick up any ground fire,  
 Don't forget the golden rule.

Spray the crops and kill the farmers,  
 Spray them with your poison gas.  
 Watch them throwing up their breakfast,  
 As you make your second pass.

Call the fence and safe the switches,  
 Another mission almost done--  
 Out of gas and ammunition,  
 Isn't killing people FUN!

#49. BALLAD OF HOBO 51

This song is probably one of the most magnificent ballads to ever come out of the war in Southeast Asia. It is near and dear to the hearts of every aircrew member, no matter what type of aircraft he flew or what mission he performed.

This ballad was written about Major Bernie Fisher, an A-1 pilot flying combat missions out of Qui Nhon, a small air-base on the northeast coast of South Vietnam. On this fateful day, Major Fisher, whose call sign was HOBO 51, for his heroic deeds in a rescue of a downed A-1 pilot in the A Shau Valley, was awarded the highest honor ever to be bestowed upon a military man, the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Surely you have seen the paintings depicting his heroic deeds when he successfully landed his A-1, a single-engine WWII fighter, on the bombed-out A Shau runway and successfully rescued the downed A-1 pilot.

Well, hello, A Shau Tower, this is HOBO 51,  
I'd like to use your runway although it's overrun.  
A friend of mine is down there, he's hiding in a ditch;  
I'd like to make a passenger stop and save that son-of-a-bitch.

CHORUS: Well, listen to the small arms, hear the 20MM roar,  
Those A-1E's are bouncing off the A Shau Valley floor.  
With a mighty roar of vengeance, hear the lonesome HOBO call,  
We'll get you home to mother when the work's all done this fall.

Well, he scrambled out of Qui Nhon to try to save that camp.  
They got him in their gunsights and now his shorts are damp.  
The engine was on fire, it gave a final wheeze;  
He's hiding in the bushes now. Altimeter setting, please.

CHORUS: Well.....

Now the VC are decending upon his hiding place.  
Well, have him meet the aircraft, I'm turning on my base.  
I see him over yonder, he's running awfully fast  
With the VC right behind him with a rifle up his ass.

CHORUS: Now.....

Now our wingman sees a VC, oh, strafe him if you can;  
You'll have to get him quickly to save that dear old man.  
I've got him in the cockpit, he's standing on his head,  
You better let us take off, or soon we'll both be dead.

CHORUS: Now.....

continue BALLAD OF HOBO 51.....

LAST VERSE:

Now the takeoff, it was frightful, they shot him full of holes.  
It looks just like a sieve, but still that A-1 rolls.  
Johnny looks at Bernie and Bernie breathes a sigh.  
Good-bye, dear old A Shau, Lord, I thought we'd die.

CHORUS: Now.....

#50. ROYAL CASTRATION

(No Tune)

It was the day of the Royal Castration,  
 and all the balls were coming off.  
 The old Counts, no-accounts, and discounts were gathered in  
 the courtyard camel-dunging.  
 For in those days, bull-shitting was unheard of.  
 "Shit," said the King, and 20,000 loyal subjects stooped and  
 strained-  
 For in those days, the King's word was law.  
 "Where's the Queen?" asked the King.  
 "She's in bed with Influenza."  
 "You mean she prefers the prongy prick of the Prussian Prince  
 to the Dangling dong of the Danish Duke?"  
 "Fuck the Queen!" said the King,  
 And 20,000 Loyal subjects were trampled in the mad rush that  
 followed,  
 For in those days, the King's word was law.



#51. FRIAR'S SONG

\* There was a friar of great renown,  
 There was a friar of great renown,  
 There was a friar of great renown,  
 And then he fucked a girl from out of town...  
 Fucked a girl from out of town...  
 Ha ha ha, Ho ho ho, Horse Shit!

CHORUS Ha ha ha, Ho ho ho,  
 Horse Shit, that dirty old son-of-a-bitch.  
 Rotten old cocksucker,  
 What'd he ever do for us,  
 Nothing, FUCK 'em!

He laid her in a feather bed,  
 He laid her in a feather bed,  
 He laid her in a feather bed,  
 And then he twisted out her maidenhead...  
 Twisted out her maidenhead...

CHORUS

\* She said, "Kind Sir, decease and quit,"  
 She said, "Kind Sir, decease and quit,"  
 She said, "Kind Sir, decease and quit,"  
 And then he bit her on the rosy tit...  
 Bit her on the rosy tit...

CHORUS

He laid her down beside a stump,  
 He laid her down beside a stump,  
 He laid her down beside a stump,  
 And then he missed her cunt and split the stump...  
 Missed her cunt and split the stump...

CHORUS

He laid her down beside a pond,  
 He laid her down beside a pond,  
 He laid her down beside a pond,  
 And then he fucked her with his magic wand...  
 Fucked her with his magic wand...

CHORUS

\* He laid her on the dewey grass,  
 He laid her on the dewey grass,  
 He laid her on the dewey grass,  
 And then he shoved his pecker up her ass...  
 Shoved his pecker up her ass...

CHORUS

\* She bore his child upon the earth,  
 She bore his child upon the earth,  
 She bore his child upon the earth,  
 And then he made her eat the afterbirth...  
 Made her eat the afterbirth...

CHORUS

contiuene #51. Friar's Song

- \* He took her to the countryside,  
He took her to the countryside,  
He took her to the countryside,  
And then he fucked the girl until she died...  
Fucked the girl until she died...

CHORUS

- \* He took her to the burial ground,  
He took her to the burial ground,  
He took her to the burial ground,  
And then he thought he'd have another round...  
Thought he'd have another round...

CHORUS

- \* They buried her on Chestnut Street,  
They buried her on Chestnut Street,  
They buried her on Chestnut Street,  
And then he sat on the grave and beat his meat...  
Sat on the grave and beat his meat...

CHORUS

\*Verses normally sung together.

#52. THE GANG BANG SONG

I love to gang bang,  
 I always will,  
 Because a gang bang gives me such a thrill.  
 When I was younger, and in my prime,  
 I used to gang bang all the time,  
 But now I'm older and turning gray,  
 I only gang bang once a daa-a-ay.

Knock. Knock.  
 Who's there?  
 Anita.  
 Anita who?  
 I needa a gang bang, I always will...

Knock. Knock.  
 Who's there?  
 Eisenhower.  
 Eisenhower who?  
 I'se an hour late to a gang bang, I always will...

Knock. Knock.  
 Who's there?  
 Wanda.  
 Wanda who?  
 I want ta gang bang, I always will...

Knock. Knock.  
 Who's there?  
 Eulah.  
 Eulah who?  
 You love to gang bang, you always will...

Knock. Knock.  
 Who's there?  
 Wendy.  
 Wendy who?  
 When de moon comes over the mountain, I love to...

Knock. Knock.  
 Who's there?  
 Issac Tenor.  
 Issac Tenor who?  
 I sent 10 or 12 girls out to the car and they all wanted to...

Knock. Knock.  
 Who's there?  
 Bill.  
 Bill who?  
 Billet me with a WAF, and I'll never need a...

continue #52. The Gang Bang Song----

Knock. Knock.  
Who's there?  
Gorilla.  
Gorilla who?  
Girl of my dreams...I need a.....

Knock. Knock.  
Who's there?  
Minerva.  
Minerva who?  
My nerves are shot.....and I need a.....

Knock, knock.  
Who's there?  
Rhoda.  
Rhoda who?  
I rode a 100 miles to get a.....

Knock, knock.  
Who's there?  
Samoa.  
Samoa who?  
There's some more'a girls outside and they want to.....

Knock, knock.  
Who's there?  
Banana.  
Banana who?  
Banana, nana, nana, na.....

Knock, knock.  
Who's there?  
Orange.  
Orange who?  
Aren't you glad I didn't say banana, nana, nana, na.....



#53. A TWO TON TITTY

Boom--boom--boom--boom....  
A two-ton titty in a loose brassiere,  
Boom--boom--boom--boom....  
A twat that twitches like a mouse's ear,  
Boom--boom--boom--boom....  
Ejaculation in a bottle of beer,  
These things remind me of you.

Boom--boom--boom--boom....  
Two boneheads fuckin' in a gabbage pit,  
Boom--boom--boom--boom....  
A long black hair in my girlfriend's tit  
Boom--boom--boom--boom....  
A bloody kotex in my onion dip,  
These things remind me of you.

Boom--boom--boom--boom....  
Picking scabs off your groaty old twat,  
Boom--boom--boom--boom....  
Gang banging in an empty lot,  
Boom--boom--boom--boom....  
Masturbating with a handful of snot,  
These things remind me of you.

#54. COOL

(Tune: "THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES")

(CHORUS)-----Cool, cool, cool, cool, cool, cool, cool, cool,  
 VERSE 1. Cooler than the nipple on a witch's tit,  
 Cooler than a bucket of penguin shit,  
 Cooler than the frost on a champagne glass,  
 Cooler than the ring around a polar bear's ass.

## CHORUS

VERSE 2. Cool as the lines on an arctic chart,  
 Cool as the breeze from a fur seal fart,  
 Cool as the feathers on an arctic duck,  
 Cool as the end of an Eskimo fuck.

## CHORUS

VERSE 3. Cool as the edge of a cockpit glass,  
 Cool as the hair on a polar bear's ass,  
 Cool as the rim of a toilet stool,  
 Cool as the end of an Eskimo's tool.

## CHORUS

#56. SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home,  
 I'm tired and I want to go to bed,  
 I had a little drink about an hour ago,  
 And it went right to my head,  
 Wherever I may roam,  
 Over land or sea or foam,  
 You can always hear me singing this song,  
 Show me the way to go home.

#55. POP GOES THE WEASAL

Around and around the SAM site,  
 The missile chased the Weasal,  
 The Weasal got pissed, the SAM got zapped,  
 Pop goes the Weasal.

Willey Peter showed us where  
 to roll in to displease 'em,  
 One more pass with HEI,  
 Pop goes the Weasal.

Lady fingers did their job,  
 Did more than just tease 'em,  
 The Russian Techs got all pissed off,  
 Pop goes the Weasal.

We look around for SAM sites,  
 We grab their balls and squeeze 'em  
 They show their ass, we shoot it off,  
 Pop goes the Weasal.

#56. SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home,  
 I'm tired and I want to go to bed.  
 I had a little drink about an hour ago,  
 And it went right to my head.  
 Whereever I may roam,  
 Over land or sea or foam,  
 You can always hear me singing this song,  
 Show me the way to go home.

#57. MIG 15

(I T'UGHT I TAW A PUTTY CAT)

I t'ought I taw a MIG 15,  
 A 'tweeping up on me  
 I did, I did, I taw him,  
 As big as he could be!

I am that great big MIG 15,  
 Ivan is my name,  
 And if I catch that '84,  
 I'll shoot him down in flame!

#58. IF YOU FLY

(Tune: Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom De-Ay)

CHORUS Did you go BOOM today?  
 Did you go BOOM today  
 Two more blew up yesterday  
 G.E. ain't here to stay.

If you gly an Eighty-nine  
 You must be deaf, dumb, and blind  
 For your life ain't worth a dime,  
 What's your scheduled blow up time?

CHORUS If you fly a 101  
 Tell yourself its' really fun  
 One day it will pitch up with you  
 And you will wish you never flew.

CHORUS If you fly a 104  
 The whole world flocks to your door  
 Range is short, the wings don't last  
 But golly it sure does fly fast.

CHORUS If you fly a Thunderchief  
 You will soon shake like a leaf  
 Flying it may make you sick  
 It handles like a great big brick.

CHORUS If you fly a Phantom Two  
 You're flying days will soon be through  
 It flies at twice the speed of sound  
 If you can get it off the ground.

CHORUS



continue #58. If You Fly

If you fly a '38  
You'll never masturbate,  
Ask Pappy and he'll say,  
"You'll get laid everyday!"

CHORUS

And if you fly a tweet,  
You'll have to beat your meat,  
And do it several times,  
Just go ask Col. Heinz.

CHORUS

#59. BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

(Tune: Bye-Bye Blackbird)

There was a man, he was no good  
 He took a girlie in the wood,  
 He flies T-birds..  
 Then he took off all her clothes  
 An her shoes, and her hose  
 He flies T-birds..  
 He took her where nobody else could find her  
 Took a string and tied her hands behind her  
 Walked away and began to sing,  
 Began to sing, ting-a-ling,  
 T-birds, Liffy..

#60. BROWN BROWN

There was a young maiden named Adeline Schmidt,  
 She went to the doctor cause she couldn't shit,  
 He gave her some medicine wrapped up in glass,  
 Up went the window and out went her ass.

CHORUS

It was brown, brown, shit falling down  
 Brown, brown, shit all around.  
 It was brown, brown, shit falling down  
 The whole world was covered with shit.

A handsome young copper was walking his beat,  
 He happened to be on that side of the street.  
 He looked up so bashful, he looked up so shy,  
 When a piece of brown shit, hit him right in the eye.

CHORUS

This handsome young copper, he cussed and he swore,  
 He called that young maiden a dirty old whore.  
 And under a bridge you can still see him sit,  
 With a sign 'round his neck saying, "Blinded by Shit."

#61. THE THUD DRIVERS' THEME  
 (Tune: Whiffenpoof Song)

From the hootch in Southeast Asia,  
 To the place where aces dwell  
 To the strip club down at Zuke  
 We knew so well.

Sing the fighter jocks assembled  
 With their glasses raised on high,  
 Sing they poorly not too clearly,  
 loud as well.

We will throw our glasses wildly,  
 And throw our bombs as well  
 And the finks at Two A.D. can go to hell.

We are poor fighter jocks who have lost  
 our way,  
 Help--help--help. We flew to the town

of Hanoi today, Help--help--help.  
 Steely eyed pilots up in the blue,  
 Lead got zapped by an SA-2,  
 Let's haul ass or they'll zapp us too,  
 A-----B-----now!!!!

#62. FUNICULE, FUNICULA

Last nite, I stayed up late, to masterbate,  
 It felt so good, I knew it would.  
 Last nite, I stayed up late, to beat my meat,  
 It felt so nice, I did it twice.

You should really see me on the short strokes  
 It feels so grand, I use my hand.  
 You must really catch me on the long strokes,  
 It feels so neat, I use my feet.

Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor.  
 Smash it, bash it, thrust it through the door.  
 Some people seem to think that F \_\_\_\_\_'s grand.

#63. FRIGGING IN THE RIGGING

Board the good ship Venus,  
My God you should have seen us  
The figurehead was a whore in bed,  
And the mast a rampant penis.

CHORUS: Friggin' in the riggin', friggin' in the riggin',  
Friggin' in the riggin', There's fuckall else  
to do.

The captain of his ligger  
He was a dirty bugger,  
He wasn't fit to shovel shit  
From one place to another.

The first mate's name was Morgan,  
By God he was a gorgon,  
Ten times a day he used to play  
Upon his sexual organ.

The second mate's name was Andy,  
He was so young and randy,  
They boiled his bun in steaming rum  
For coming in the brandy.

The Midshipman's name was Nipper,  
He was a dirty ripper,  
He filled his ass with broken glass  
to circumcise the skipper.

The Captain's wife was Mable,  
When ever she was able,  
She'd fornicate with the Second Mate,  
Upon the gallery table.

The Captain had a daughter,  
Who fell into the water,  
Delighted squeals revealed that eels  
had found her sexual quarter.

The third mate's name was Randy,  
My God, he was a dandy,  
They broke his cock with chunks of rock,  
For conking in the brandy.



continue #63. Frigging in the Rigging

The Captain's daughter Mable,  
They screwed when they were able.  
They nailed her tits, those lousy shifts,  
Right to the Captain's table.

In search of new sensation,  
In the forms of recreation,  
The ship was sunk, in a wave of gunk,  
From mutual masturbation!

I went to a doctor because my pecker was sore,  
My God said the doctor you have been here before,  
Gonna tie my pecker to a tree, to a tree,  
Gonna tie my pecker to a tree.

And now you can see I'm a pecker-licker,  
I fuck 'em with my finger and feel 'em when I can,  
Gonna tie my pecker to a tree, to a tree,  
Gonna tie my pecker to a tree.

Now the last time I saw her, and I never'll see her  
since,  
She was jacking off a doggie, then a barn wife,  
fence,  
Gonna tie my pecker to a tree, to a tree,  
Gonna tie my pecker to a tree.

#64. GONNA TIE MY PECKER TO A TREE

(Tune: Yippee Ti-ay)

I fucked her standing, I fucked her lying.  
 If she had wings, I'd fuck her flying.  
 Gonna tie my pecker to a tree, to a tree.  
 Gonna tie my pecker to a tree.

I awoke in the morning and guess what I saw,  
 Fifteen chancers and a big blue ball.  
 Gonna tie my pecker to a tree, to a tree.  
 Gonna tie my pecker to a tree.

I went to a doctor because my pecker was sore,  
 My God said the doctor you have been taken by a whore.  
 Gonna tie my pecker to a tree, to a tree.  
 Gonna tie my pecker to a tree.

And now you can see I'm a peckerless man,  
 I fuck 'em with my finger and fool 'em when I can.  
 Gonna tie my pecker to a tree, to a tree.  
 Gonna tie my pecker to a tree.

Now the last time I saw her, and I haven't seen her  
 since,  
 She was jacking off a doggie thru a barb wire  
 fence.  
 Gonna tie my pecker to a tree, to a tree.  
 Gonna tie my pecker to a tree.

#65. LUPE

(Tune: THE DARING YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE)

Down in cunt valley, where blood river flows,  
Where whoremongers flourish and cocksuckers grow,  
T'was there I met Lupe, the girl I adore,  
She's my hot fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.

She got her first piece at the young age of 8,  
While swinging one day on the old garden gate.  
The crossbar went out and the upright went in,  
Ever since she has lived in a welter of sin.

She'll hug you, she'll fuck you, she'll gnaw at your nuts.  
She'll wrap her legs 'round you and suck out your guts.  
She'll wrap her legs 'round you 'till you think you'll die  
OH, I'D RATHER EAT LUPE THAN BLUEBERRY PIE!

Lupe, poor Lupe, lies dead in her tomb,  
The worms crawl out of her decomposed womb.  
And the smile on her face is a mute cry for more,  
She's my hot fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.

#66: NO BALLS AT ALL!

There once was a girl named Sara Mc Fox,  
With hair on her chest and cheese in her box.  
She married a man named Patrick McCall, with  
a very short pecker and no balls at all!

ERUS-----What! No balls at all?

No! No balls at all!

A very short pecker and no balls at all!

The very first night that they were wed,  
They took off their clothes and went straight to bed.  
She reached for his pecker, it was very small,  
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all!

ERUS

Now, Mother, dear Mother, Oh waht shall I do?  
I've married a man who never can screw.  
I reached for his pecker, it was very small,  
I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all!

ERUS

Oh, daughter, dear daughter, now don't be so sad;  
It was the same trouble I had with your Dad.  
There's many a man who will come to the call,  
of the wife of the man who has no balls at all!

ERUS

The daughter went home, took the mother's advise,  
and found the result most exceedingly nice.  
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall,  
to the wife of the man who had no balls at all!

#67. PILOT ALWAYS EAT PUSSY

(Tune: FRITO-LAY MEXICAN SONG)

There once were three men from Birmingham,  
 And this is the story concerning them.  
 They lifted the frock and tickled the cock of the Bishop  
 While he was confirming them.

CHORUS

Ay, ay, ay, ay----  
 Pilots always eat Pussy,  
 So sing us another verse  
 That's worse than the other verse,  
 So waltz me around again Willie.

Now the Bishop was nobody's fool,  
 He'd attended a large public school.  
 So he pulled down his britches and buggered those bitches,  
 With his ten inch Episcopal tool.

CHORUS

There once was a girl from Azores,  
 Whose body was covered with sores.  
 The dogs in the street would not eat the green meat,  
 That hung in festoons from her drawers.

CHORUS

There once was a girl named Annie,  
 Who buggered an ape in a tree,  
 The result was horrid, all ass and nor forehead,  
 Three balls and a purple goatee.

CHORUS

There once was a girl named Alice,  
 Who used a dynamite stick for a fallice.  
 They found her vagina in North Carolina,  
 And part of her asshole in Dallas.

CHORUS

There once was a young man from Boston,  
 Who bought a very small Austin.  
 There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas,  
 But his balls hung out and he lost them.

CHORUS

There was a young man from Bombay,  
 Who molded a cunt out of clay.  
 But the heat of his prick turned the clay into brick,  
 And tore all his foreskin away.

CHORUS

There was a young hermit named Dave,  
 Who kept a dead whore in his cave.  
 He said, "I'll be the first to admit, that I'm a bit of a shit,  
 But think of the money I save.

CHORUS

There was a young man named Cass,  
 Whose balls were made of spun glass.  
 When they clanked together, they played stormy weather,  
 And lightening shot out of his ass.

CHORUS



continue: Pilots Always Eat Pussy

There once was a girl from France,  
Who boarded a train by chance.  
The engineer fucked her, so did the conductor,  
And the brakeman went off in his pants.

CHORUS

There once was a girl named Gail,  
Between her tits was the price of her tail.  
And on her behind, for the sake of the blind,  
Was the same information in Braille.

CHORUS

There was once an old lady from Wheeling,  
Who had a peculiar feeling.  
She would lay on her back, and tickle her crack,  
And piss all over the ceiling.

CHORUS

There was an old man from Kent,  
Whose prick was so long it bent.  
To save himself trouble he put it in double,  
And instead of coming he went.

CHORUS

There was an old maid from Whooster,  
Who dreamt that a man had seduced her.  
But when she awoke it was only a joke,  
A spring in the bed had goosed her.

CHORUS

There was a young girl from Peru,  
Who said as the Bishop withdrew.  
"The Vicker is quicker, he's also a lickier,  
and considerably thicker than you."

CHORUS

There was a young man from St. Clair,  
Who boogered his wife on the stair.  
The banister broke so he doubled his stroke,  
And finished her off in the air.

CHORUS

There once was a lesbian named June,  
Who took a young queer to her room.  
They argued all night as to who had the right,  
to do what, and with which, to whom.

CHORUS

There once was a young girl named Myrtle,  
Who was raped on the bench by a turtle.  
The result of the fuck, was two eeggs and a duck,  
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

CHORUS

There was a mathematician named Hall,  
Who had a hexahydronical ball.  
The cube of it's weight, times his pecker plus eight,  
Was  $\frac{4}{8}$  of  $\frac{5}{8}$  of fuck all.

CHORUS

continue #67. Pilots Always Eat Pussy  
(Complements of C.C.C.)

Alternate CHORUS: Ay,ay,ay,ay.....

....Your sister swims out to meet troop ships and catches 'em...  
....Your grandma flies better than you do...  
....Your brother pukes twice a day and eats it...  
....Your nephew eats toe-jam, from crocodiles...  
....Your ~~sister~~ does squat thrusts on fire hydrants...  
....Your grandpa sucks old swollen tampons...  
....Your sister sucks boils off of buffaloes...  
....Your mother licks bat shit off cave walls...  
....Your underwear has skid marks from chili...  
....Your sister eats eel sperm off driftwood...  
....You look like a cancerous scrotum...  
....Your father fucks frogs in the forest...  
....Your sister sucks sperm off of sand-crabs...  
....Your mother mauls monkeys in Morrocco...  
....Your brother cornholes Dune-Coons on Tuesday...  
....Your flight suit smells like a goat fart....  
....Your brother eats eyeballs from maggots...  
....Your father fucks dead whores for exercise...  
....Your sister chews crab-lice from scrotums...  
....Your brother pokes porcupines with his pecker...  
....Your father frenches vultures vaginas...  
....Your uncle grows tapeworms for dinner...  
....Your brother bites baboons bare bottoms...  
....Your come clings to cockroaches cleavage...  
....Your Aunt Mildred masturbates monkeys...  
....Your sister chomps bird shit off tree bark...  
....Your grandmother douches with weasel shit...  
....Your sister catches clams with her cunt hairs...

A canny Scotch lass named McFarrgle,  
Without coaxing and such argy-bargle,  
Would suck a man's pud, just as hard as she could,  
And she saved up the sperm for a gargle.

CHORUS

Said the priest to Miss Briget McLennin,  
"Sure, save a kiss of your twat isn't sinnin',"  
And he stuck to his story, 'til he tasted the gory,  
And the menstruous states she was in.

CHORUS

There was a young fellow named Meek,  
Who invented a lingual technique.  
It drove women frantic, and made them romantic,  
And wore all the hair off his cheek.

CHORUS

There was a young man of Nantucket,  
Whose prick was so long he could suck it.  
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin,  
"If my ear were a cunt I could fuck it!"

CHORUS

continue #67. Pilots Always Eat Pussy

There was a young dancer, Priscilla,  
Who flavored her cunt with vanilla,  
The taste was so fine, men and beasts stood in line,  
Including a stud Armadillo.

CHORUS

Speaking of actions immoral,  
How about giving the laurel  
To doughty Queen Esther,  
No three men could best her, one fore, one aft, one oral.

CHORUS

There once was a girl from Johoew,  
Who'd lie on a mat on the floor,  
In a manner uncanny, She'd wiggle her fanny,  
And drain your nuts to the core.

CHORUS

There was a young girl named McGoffin,  
Who was fucked amazingly often.  
She was porked by scors, who'd been turned down by whores,  
And was finally screwed in her coffin.

CHORUS

While fuckin' one night, Dr. Zuck,  
His wife's nipples in he ear, they got stuck.  
Then his thumb up her bum, he could hear himself come,  
Thus inventing the Radio Fuck.

CHORUS

There once was a lady from Arden,  
Who sucked off a man in a garden.  
He said, "My dear Flo, where does all that stuff go?"  
And she said, "(Swallow hard)-I beg your pardo'."

CHORUS

There was a young girl in Berlin,  
Who eked out a living through sin.  
She didn't mind fucking, but much preferred sucking,  
And she'd wipe off the pricks on her chin.

CHORUS

An explorer whose habits were blunt,  
Once flavored some cannibal cunt.  
The asshole was hsitty, and -more was the pity--  
It oozed from the rear to the front.

CHORUS

There was an old fellow of Brest,  
Who sucked off his wife with a zest.  
Despite her great howls, he sucked out her bowels,  
And spit them all over her chest.

CHORUS

continue #67. Pilots Always Eat Pussy

There was an old man from Becauter,  
Took out his red-hot pertater.  
He tried at her dent, but when his thing bent,  
He got down on his knees and he ate her.

CHORUS

Meet Elmer Yound son of the Thorpes,  
Afflicted with psychotic warps.  
His idea of fun, is to bugger nuns,  
And then vomit all over the corpses.

CHORUS

Rat shit, Bat shit, dirty old twat,  
69 douche bags tied in a knot.  
Eat, suck, fuck, shit, nibble, gobble, chew,  
We're the boys from Nacho flight,  
Who the fuck are you?



#68. DARK AND DREAMY EYES

A few old whores of Portsmouth town,  
 Were drinking Spanish wine,  
 The gist of the conversation was,  
 "Is your cunt bigger than mine?"

Then up there spake the airman's wife,  
 And she was dressed in beige,  
 And in one corner of her funny little thing,  
 She had a Handly-Page,  
 She had a Handly-Page, my boys,  
 With a joy stick and its knob,  
 And in the other corner,  
 Were two airmen on the job.

CHORUS: She had those dark and dreamy eyes,  
 And a Whizz-bang up her jacksay,  
 She was one of the flash-eyed whores,  
 One of the old brigade.

And then up spake the pilot's wife,  
 And she was dressed in chrome,  
 And in one corner of her funny little thing,  
 She had the aerodrome,  
 She had the aerodrome, my boys,  
 The bombers and the troops,  
 And in the other corner  
 There Wimpys Looping loops.

Then up there spake the ops room girl,  
 She was a little WAAF,  
 And in one corner of her funny little thing,  
 She had the Ops room staff,  
 She had the Ops room staff, my boys,  
 All fucking there like hell,  
 And in the other corner,  
 She'd had the signals staff as well.

And then up spake the telephone girl,  
 And she was dressed very strange,  
 And in one corner of her funny little thing,  
 She had a camp exchange,  
 She had a camp exchange, my boys,  
 The wires and all the switches,  
 And in the other corner,  
 The CO'd left his britches.

#69. THE FOUR BASTARDS

I'm a Democratic figure in those autocratic States  
 A pathetic demonstration of hereditary traits  
 As the daughter of the bakers baked the most delicious breads,  
 As the sons of Casanova filled the most exclusive beds,  
 As the Roosevelts and Barrymores--and others I could name,  
 Inherited their talents which perpetuate their fame.  
 My position in the structure of Society I owe,  
 To those little qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago.  
 Now my father was a traveling man and musical to boot.  
 He used to play piano in a House of ill-repute,  
 Where the Madam was a lady and a credit to her cult,  
 She enjoyed my Daddy's playing and I was the result.  
 So my Mammy and my Pappy are the ones I have to thank,  
 That I grew up to be President of the City National Bank.

In a cozy little farmhouse in a cozy little dell,  
 A dear old fashioned father and his daughter used to dwell.  
 She was sweet, she was gentle, she was tender, she was mild.  
 But her sympathies were such that she was frequently with child.  
 Now the hired man was favorite with the gal's in Mammy's set,  
 And the traveling man from Scranton was an even-money bet.  
 For such were mommy's morals--and such was her allure,  
 That even Roger Babson wasn't very sure.  
 When she was feeling gloomy I could always make her grin,  
 By childishly inquiring who my pappy might have been.  
 So I took my mammy's morals and I took my pappy's crust,  
 And they appointed me head of a huge investment trust.

In a cozy little chain gang on a dusty southern road,  
 My late lamented pappy has his permanent abode.  
 Now some were there for stealing, but my pappy's only fault  
 Was an overwhelming weakness for criminal assault.  
 His philosophy was simple and free from moral tape,  
 Seduction is for sissies, but a He-man was his rape.  
 And tho pappy's list of victims was incredibly rich,  
 And mammy was one of them, he'd never tell me which.  
 Now I never went to college, but I got me a degree,  
 I reckon I'm the model of a perfect SOB.  
 I'm a debit to my country, but I 'm a credit to my dad,  
 I'm the most expensive Senator this nation ever had.

I'm an autocratic figure in these democratic states.  
 A pathetic demonstration of hereditary traits,  
 As the daughters of policement have the largest feet,  
 As the daughter of the floozie has a wiggle tp jer seat.  
 My position at the bottom of society I owe,  
 To those little qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago.  
 Now my father he was married man and what is even more,  
 He was married to my Mother, a fact that I deplore.  
 I was born in Holy wedlock, consequently by--and by

continue #69 The Four Bastards

I was rooked by every bastard with plunder in his eye.  
 I invested, I deposited, I voted every fall---  
 And if I had a nickel the bastards took it all.  
 But at last I've learned my lesson and I'm on the proper track,  
 I'm a self-appointed bastard, and I'm out to get it back.

#70. YOU'LL NEVER MIND

Come and join the Air Force,  
 We're a happy band they say.  
 We never do a lick of work,  
 Just fly around all day,  
 While others work and study  
 And soon grow old and blind.  
 We take to the air without a care,  
 And you will never mind.

CHORUS-----You'll never mind, you'll never mind  
 So come and join the Air Force  
 And you will never mind.

Come and get promoted  
 As high as you desire.  
 You're riding on a gravy train,  
 If you're an Air Force flier.  
 And when you get to Genral,  
 you will surly find  
 Your wings fall off, the dough rolls in  
 But you will never mind.

You rake it up and spin it  
 And with an awful tear  
 Your wings fall off, the ship spins in  
 But you will never care,  
 For in about two mintues more,  
 Another pair you'll find,  
 You'll dance with Pete in an angel's suit,  
 But you will never mind.

While flying the Pacific  
 You hear the engine spit  
 You watch the tach come to a stop  
 The God Damn thing has quit  
 The ship won't float, and you can't swim  
 The shore is far behind  
 Oh, what a dish for crabs and fish  
 But you will never mind.

continue You'll Never Mind

While flying over Laos  
In a Thunderchief  
There's one thing to remember  
And that's my firm belief  
I've only got one engine, Jack  
And if that bastard quits  
It'll be up there all by itself  
Cause I will shit and git.

And if some wily MIG 21  
Should shoot you down in flames  
Don't sit around and bellyache  
And call the bastard names  
Just hit the silk, it's cream and milk  
And pretty soon you'll find  
There is no Hell and all is well  
And you will never mind.



#71. THE HIGHLAND TINKER

There was a man from Highland,  
 A tinker by his trade, (by his trade...)  
 And with his kidney wiper,  
 A legend he has made, (legend he has made...)

CHORUS-----With his bloody great kidney wiper,  
 And his balls the size of three  
 And a yard and a half of foreskin...  
 Hanging down below his knees.

The lady of the manor was dressing  
 for the ball, (for the ball...)  
 When she heard the Highland Tinker  
 Humming up against the wall, (against the wall...)

The lady wrote a letter and in it  
 she did say, (she did say...)  
 I'd rather be fucked by you sir,  
 Than his lordship any day, (lordship any day...)

The tinker got the letter and in it  
 He did read, (he did read...)  
 His balls began to fester and prick  
 began to bleed, (began to bleed...)

He jumped up on his stallion  
 and away he did ride, (away he did ride...)  
 With his prick thrown over his shoulder,  
 And his balls strapped to his side, (strapped to his side...)

He jumped off his stallion  
 and tied it to a wall, (tied it to a wall...)  
 and the maid cried to the butler,  
 "He's come to fuck us all!" (fuck us all...)

He fucked the cook in the kitchen,  
 he fucked the maid in the hall, (maid in the hall...)  
 But when he fucked the butler,  
 T'was the dirtiest trick of all, dirtiest trick of all...)

At last he fucked the lady,  
 Against the bedroom door, (against the bedroom door...)  
 But judging by the size of her cunt,  
 He thought she'd been a whore, (been a whore...)

He jumped upon his charger and homeward  
 he did ride, (he did ride...)  
 With his tool across the saddle,  
 And a ball on either side, (either side...)

continue #71. The Highland Tinker

And now the tinker's died and gone,  
HE's buried in St. Paul's, (in St. Paul's...)  
It took a team of oxen,  
just to haul away his balls, (haul away his balls...)

And now the tinker's died and gone,  
Yes, he's buried in St. Paul's, (buried in St. Paul's...)  
It took two separate caskets,  
for his prick and for his balls, (for his balls...)

Some say he's gone to heaven,  
some say he's gone to hell, (gone to hell...)  
Some say he's fucked the devil, (fucked the devil...)  
and I know he's fucked 'em well, (fucked 'em well...)

#72. TURA LYURA LYANY

CHORUS: Sing Tura Lyura Lyany  
 Sing Tura Lyura Lyany  
 Sing Tura Lyura Lyany Lyany  
 Sing Tura Lyura Ly Ai.

The sexual life of the camel  
 is stranger than anyone thinks,  
 He spends his amorous moments  
 attempting to bugger the Sphinx.

CHORUS

Now the Sphinx's posterior office,  
 is closed by the sands of the Nile.  
 Which accounts for the hump on the camel,  
 And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

CHORUS

Extensive experimentation  
 by Addison, Huxley and Hall.  
 Conclusively proved that the woodchuck,  
 could never be buggered at all.

CHORUS

But here's to the lads down at Harvard,  
 And here's to the queers down at Yale,  
 Who effectively buggered the woodchuck,  
 by removing the spines from his tail.

CHORUS

#73. THE AYATOLLAH SONG

(Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike)

We see the plot thicken, we know what's in store,  
 Your students know nothing, their asking for more,  
 Your people are waiting for grace from Islam,  
 But the Air Force will bring in the first load of bombs.

CHORUS: Oh it's rags, rags, rags on your head,  
 Rags, rags, rags on your head,  
 Oh it's rags, rags, rags on your head--  
 Tomorrow you'll wake up and find yourself dead.

Iranian people we'll bring you some food,  
 Coat hangers and goat meat, it will be so good,  
 So make up some Kebobs and wish for the best,  
 We'll bring the Napalm and cook the rest.

CHORUS

You bearded old fagot you can't get it up,  
 So lift up your veil and take a big suck,  
 You impotent Bastard, you'll be on the run,  
 When we roll in STRAFFING, and STRAFFING FOR FUN!

CHORUS

Oh Mr. Khomeini you are an asshole,  
 Your laws are from Islam, your students are dumb,  
 You may think you're shit hot, but we know the score,  
 Your father's a goat and your mother's a whore!

CHORUS

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Bruggemeyer.....



#74. ~~DEL RIO HOMESICK BLUES~~

(Courtesy of Greg Landers, 86th FI~~TS~~, Laughlin AFB-Texas)  
 (Tune: Jerry Jeff Walker's-London Homesick Blues)

When you're down on your luck, and you ain't got a buck,  
 In Del Rio you're a goner.  
 Even Acuna bridge is fall' down, And moved to Arizona,  
 and I know why.  
 And I'll substantiate the rumor that the "Beaner" sense  
 of humor is drier than the Arab sand.  
 Well you can put up your Dukes and you can bet your boots,  
 That I'll be leavin' just as fast as I can!

CHORUS: I wanna go home with the Armadillo  
 Good country music from Amarillo and Abilene.  
 The friendliest people and the  
 Purtiest women you've ever seen!

Well, it's cold down here and I swear  
 I wish they'd turn the heat off!  
 And where in the world are those Beaner girls?  
 I promised I'd meet at the Sonic?! Well I don't know.  
 And of the whole DAMN lot, the only friend I've got,  
 Is a Longneck and a cheap cigar.  
 Well, my mind keeps a roamin', and my heart keeps a longin'  
 To be far from this Texas Bar!

CHORUS

Well, I decided that I'd get my cowboy hat  
 And go down to Cleo's bar...  
 'Cause when a flier fancies, he'll take his chances,  
 and chances will be taken, and that's for sure!  
 And them bloodshot eyes, they was eyein' the prize,  
 Some people call manly footwear. And they said,  
 "You're from down South, 'cause when you open your mouth,  
 you always seem to put your 'thing' there!"

CHORUS

#75. A DEAD WHORE

(Courtesy of Rob Moore, 86th FIS, Nacho Flt., Del Rio, Tx.)  
 (Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

I fucked a dead whore by the roadside.  
 I knew goddamn well she was dead.  
 The skin on her belly was rotten,  
 There wasn't a hair on her head.

CHORUS: Oh..., bring back, bring back, oh bring back  
 my dead whore to me, to me.  
 Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my  
 dead whore to me.

And then upon thinking it over  
 I realized my terrible sin,  
 So I knelt with my lips to her asshole  
 And sucked out the wad I shot in.

CHORUS

Solidarity Song

(Tune: Green Banet Song)

Lowest flyers in the sky  
 Parasol aces, prepare to die  
 Marine MAIL, Navy too, and Air Force  
 Have guns for you.

Available, check your side  
 MAIL's here, and we are piled.  
 Our guns are aimed, our wheels too,  
 with ya better treat for you.

One cigarette is now all  
 See the smoke, it's getting higher  
 Rolling in, with smoke and rage,  
 After creates, but we remain.

MAIL, MAIL, we are the best.  
 See the smoke upon our chest.  
 Sweet-smoked cigarettes, through and through.  
 With a better life for you. (Everyone flips the bird!)

#76. Pimping the Air Force

(Tune: Brit song--"I Don't Want to Join the Air Force)

I don't want to fly the 106,  
 I don't want to bust my ass.  
 I just want to sit around, the Phantom Fighter Underground,  
 and Live off the earnings of my monthly flight pay.

I'd rather fly a real fighter,  
 With a "seeing-eye" RIO to help me too (to help me too).  
 I want to stay Crusader, Tactical Crusader,  
 and fly and "putt" my silly life away.

Monday, got hosed out on the ACMI.  
 Tuesday, they shot me once again.  
 Wednesday, after much duress, I came back with an overstress.  
 Thursday, I lectured at IWS.  
 Friday, ADCOM gave me a medal.  
 Saturday, a hefty raise in pay (raise in pay).  
 But Sunday, was the best thing, I found an Air Academy ring.  
 And now I'm shit-hot seven days a week.

#77. Solidarity Song      U.S. TACAIR Easter  
 (Tune: Green Beret Song)

East-coast flyers in the sky,  
 Persian-pukes, prepare to die.  
 Marine TACAIR, Navy too, and U.S. Air Force  
 Have gifts for you.

Ayatollah, check your six,  
 TACAIR's here, and we are pissed,  
 Our bombs are armed, our missiles too,  
 With an Easter treat for you.

One minaret is now afire,  
 See the smoke, it's getting higher  
 Rolling in, with snake and nape,  
 Allah creates, but we cremate.

U.S. TACAIR, we are the best.  
 See the wings upon our chests.  
 Swept-winged fighters, through and through.  
 With an Easter gift for you.      (Everyone flips the bird!)

#78. "OH BEAUTIFUL..."

(Tune: America the Beautiful)

OH beautiful for spreading thigh,  
for pubic patch of brown.  
For four quart bosom majesty,  
go bouncing up and down.  
Oh Erica, Oh Erica,  
Now spread your legs for me....  
I'll bury my head in fury bed,  
between your spreading knees.

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Bruggemeyer



